

Patrick, Saint, Apostle of Ireland

# Patrick's Day in the Morning.

To which are added

Coleendas Croothenamoe.

A new Song on the Tipperary Militia.



LIMERICK: Printed by W. GOGGIN,  
Corner of Bridge-street.

Coleendas Croothenamoe.

**I**T was on a fair summer's morning,  
When birds sweetly tuned on each  
bough,

I heard a fair maid sing most charming,  
As she sat a milking her cow  
Her voice so enchanting melodious,  
Which left me unable to go,  
My heart is soothed in so ace,

By Coleendas Croothenamoe.

With curtesy I thus did salute her.

Good morrow most amiable maid,

I am her captive slave for the future,

Kind sir do not banter, she said,

I am not such a precious rare pearl,

That I could enamour you so,

I am a plain country girl,

Said Coleendas Croothenamoe.

The Indies afford no such jewel,

So precious and transparent fair,

Do not add flame to my fel,

But consent to love me my dear,

Take pity and grant my desire,

And leave me no longer in woe,

Come love me or else I'll expre,

Sweet Coleendas Croothenamoe.

I don't understand what you mean sir,

I never was a slave yet to love,

These amours I did not experience;

So pray your affection remove,  
 To marry I cannot assure you,  
 That state I will not undergo,  
 So I beg young man you'll excuse me,  
 Said Coleendas Croothenamoe.

No young man alive could excuse you  
 But surely it would be against his will,  
 To pen your perfections and beauty,  
 Some volumes I am sure it would fill,  
 Suspended I wait for answer,  
 My destiny pray let me know,  
 Your consent from death would be a  
 ranfome,

To sweet Coleendas Croothenamoe

Pray sir, withdraw and don't teize me,  
 I will not consent unto thee,  
 I like to live single and airy,  
 Till more of this world I see.  
 Early care would me embarrass,  
 Beads my fortune is low,  
 Till I grow rich I'll not marry,  
 Said Coleendas Croothenamoe.

To say you that you'll wait for a for-  
 tune,

Is but a civil way to deny,  
 For I have both money and cattle,  
 Dear love all your wants to supply,  
 Corgiim te sofuh kollip,  
 Er orrigid noo aligh gughtshe,  
 Nar vaur lish guh mor theyn er labah,  
 Leh coleen beg dahool gon boe,



Delays are attended by dangers,  
 Youth has no second spring,  
 Beauty inewife when once faded,  
 Will never return again,  
 A fair maid is like a ship sailing,  
 Knows not how long safe she may go,  
 But at every blast is in danger,  
 Sweet Coleendas Croothernamoe.

An old maid is like an old almanack,  
 Quite uleless when once out of date,  
 If her ware be not sold in the morning,  
 At noon must be falling her rate,  
 The fragrance of May is soon over,  
 Tho' graced with such beauties you know  
 And all bloom is consumed in October,  
 Sweet Coleendas Croothernamoe  
 Your speech fir, consists of much reason,  
 My obstinacy I do resign,  
 That sort fruit that ripens early,  
 Always soon taint and decline  
 Muh cregh mor dun miltsh on adshah,  
 Er muh coor tuh feau no will buce.  
 Augus muh veelih craw creeh gan milt  
 postuh  
 Urla Coleendas Croothernamoe.

#### A new Song on the Tipperary Militia.

**W**HEN Irelands sons their isle to save  
 From Frenchmen wild and airy O,  
 Drew out their martial bands so brave,

None did surpass Tipperary O.

For they're a corp of honour bright,

Prepared to kiss as well as fight.

Both night and day they bear the sway,

Success to old Tipperary O

Manly stout, and rosy red,

Each hero left his deary O,

Brave hearted souls, who know no dread.

Marched in from Tipperary O,

In Cork I'm sure they acted well,

And in discipline did excel,

In bright array no corp so gay,

Can equal Tipperary O,

Their great Captain I will sing,

Whose fame spread far and neary O,

Who these rattling souls did bring,

From spurring Tipperary O.

Cork and Clonmell their praise can tell

Who with them can compare O,

He now can boast that honored post,

Commander of Tipperary O

Adding bold Carden to his corp,

Knight that dreads no feary O,

Brave Sir John of Templemore,

To head stout Tipperary O

His merit sure I cannot pass

He loves friend and a pretty lass,

And none does him in worth surpass,

For he's the pride of Tipperary O,

The next I sing is Major Miles,

Bonny, brisk and airy O;

He loves to win the ladies smiles,  
 He's the delight of Tipperary O  
 His worth it shines among the corp,  
 Each man does in his heart adore,  
 Their Major bold by fame enrolled,  
 In flashing Tipperary O,  
 The Captains next all men of might,  
 Jolly, brisk and airy O,  
 Brave Mansor, Holmes, Perry and White  
 Who add honor to Tipperary O,  
 With Sir Vere Hunt, Bagwell & Green  
 All sturdy, stout and airy O,  
 Gay souls that love to drive the spleen,  
 From the bouncing maids of Tipperary O  
 The adjutant is an active man,  
 Jolly, tight and airy O,  
 For discipline he leads the van,  
 In gallant Tipperary O,  
 When in the field he appears  
 With smart light bolts and grenadiers,  
 Their thundering volleys stun our ears  
 Then you may cry Tipperary O,  
 The Lieutenants all men of fame  
 And Ensign Bunbury O,  
 Who love right well kissing game,  
 With the girls of Tipperary O.  
 Butler, Gwyn, and Prendergast,  
 Craddock and Lee must not be passed,  
 For spirit sure they may be clatted,  
 With any in Tipperary O  
 Come fill your glasses and encore,



In claret toast or canary O  
 Success unto the strapping corp,  
 The gallant Tipperary O

Fame their praise shall keep alive,  
 In her records shall long survive,  
 Intruding foes away to drive,  
 Our shield is Tipperary O.

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PATRICK'S DAY in the Morning.

**Y**OU Irish Boys in London city,  
 That's still beloved by maidens  
 pretty,

Give ear unto this pleasant ditty,  
 When Phoebus was adorning,  
 The Bugs hung Patrick in a tether,  
 For to deride us all together.

On Patrick's Day in the Morning.

They did assemble all together  
 As fierce as men with hat and feather,  
 Fearing neither wind nor weather,  
 But holding us in scorning,  
 We made them all for to remember,  
 That day in March, when each good  
 member,

Did leather their hides with Irish timber,  
 On Patrick's Day in the morning.

ere's James, there Tom, and likewise  
Pilly,

arm'd their buff, being somewhat  
hilly,

ugs they hung and looked quite  
illy,

le paying for their learning,

Paddies from Cork, and each brave  
fellow,

ey owe us all such spleeo and malice,  
kissing their wives they're all so jea-  
lous,

On Patrick's Day in the morning.

Now my boys of Shamrockshire,

That for glory doth aspire,

Drink and sing and away we'll fire,

And let the town a-roaring;

The wife and child, as well as daddy,

Will toast a health to that sweet laddy,

God prosper those that love poor Paddy.

On Patrick's day in the morning.



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